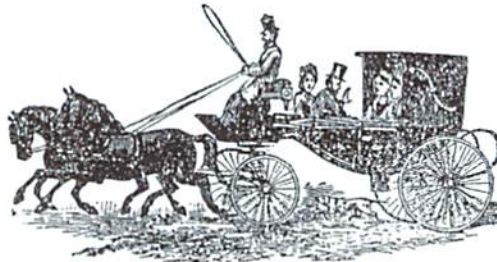


EARLY DAYS AT BLUEFISH HENRY A. BRIGGS, DUXBURY, MASS. BOARDING (AND) LIVERY STABLE.

Barges for
Parties & Picnics.

Furniture and
Piano Moving.

Orders attended to
promptly.



**A Coach will connect with all trains,
SUMMER AND WINTER.**

(From an early Clipper)

The house on Bluefish River now owned by Loren Nass is part of an old bowling alley which stood behind what is today the Rural and Historical Society. The bowling alley later became Henry Brigg's livery stable, and still later Henry made it the first garage in Duxbury. The old livery stable was a favorite hang-out for the boys in the early part of the century.

Henry Briggs had 6 horse-drawn buggies, ranging from small carryalls with a fringe on top to the big stagecoach, "Martha Washington," drawn by 2 horses and with room for 24 passengers. One buggy, which could carry 8 passengers, was the "What Cheer." Henry, who used to drive passengers from the Duxbury railroad station to Ashdod, Brant Rock and other points, had the contract to carry the mails. Sometimes his son Eben drove one of the coaches, and occasionally his daughter Hope (Mrs. Joseph Bolton) or Ruth (Mrs. John Washburn) took the reins. Those were the days. On a crisp Sunday afternoon there was snow-trotting past the old Wright estate, when fine old pacers competed along a halfmile stretch of St. George St. You're an oldtimer if you remember George, the finest of Henry Briggs' pacers.

During the fall gunning season Henry Briggs or one of his drivers used to take hunters to Hunt's stand, and some days, when the Bay was frozen solid, the stagecoach crossed the ice to Clark's Island. Those were the days when Naham Hodgdon worked in the old Peterson general store (the house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Prince). When Old Man Evans, the shoemaker, had his shop in what is now the Bo'sun's Locker. When the Rev. Swan, an evangelist from Connecticut, gave his hell-and-damnation speeches in the Meeting House that still stands in Ashdod. The Rev. Swan used to wear hip boots when he baptized his flock in the nearby pond. One cold November day he dunked 3 Duxburyites, fully clothed, into this pond.

This fiery pulpiteer caused somewhat of a stir when he prophesied the exact date when the world would come to an end. It was a certain Sunday in 1914 or 1915, and several reporters from Boston were on hand to cover the story. A reporter from the **Boston Post** rented a bicycle from a Duxbury messenger boy to get to Ashdod. On that grim Sunday many waited in fear and trembling, but something went wrong with the prophecy. The Rev. Swan naturally lost prestige as a result.

Those were the days.